

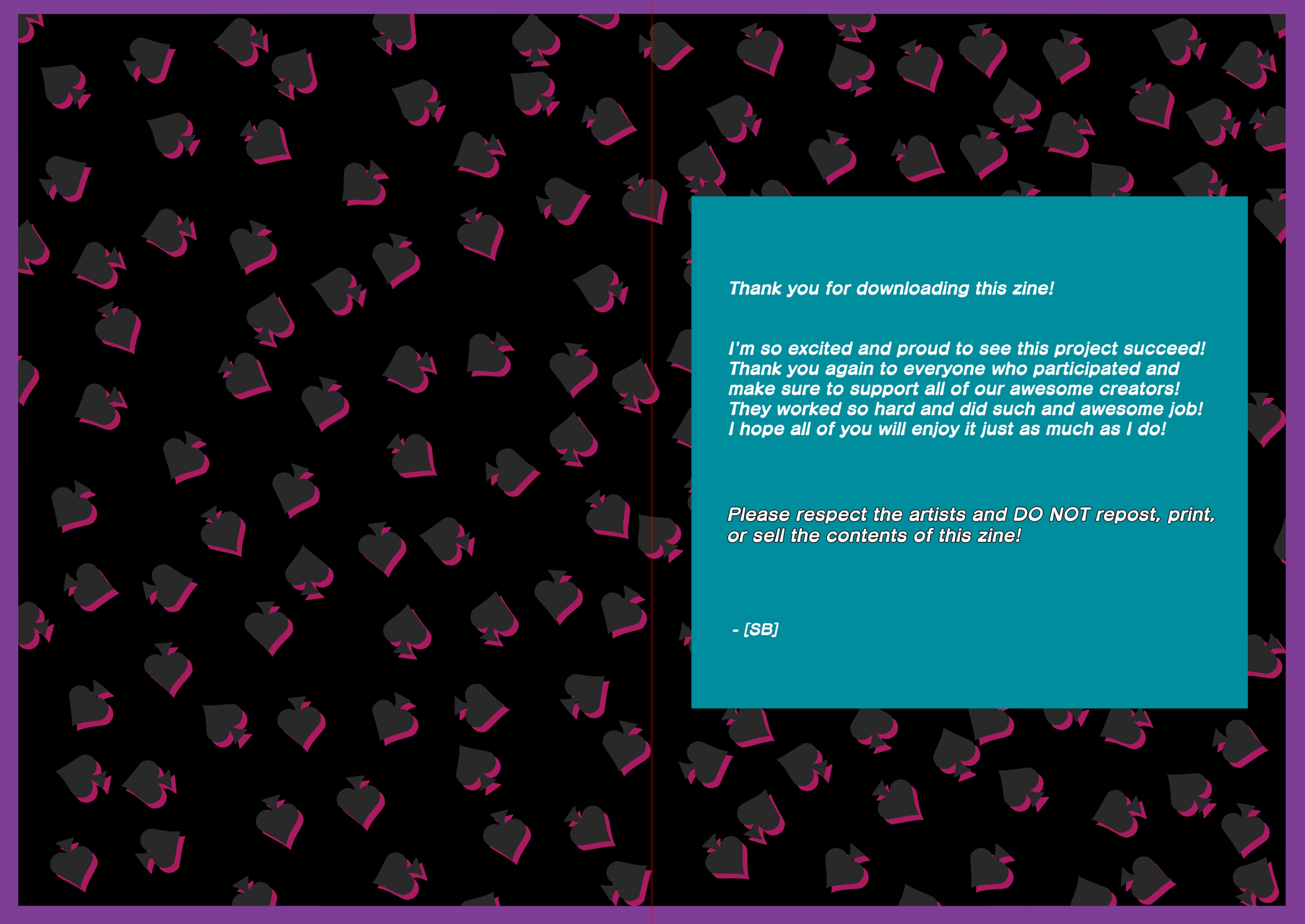
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT



LOVE AT

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

GIRLPIRE



Thank you for downloading this zine!

*I'm so excited and proud to see this project succeed!
Thank you again to everyone who participated and
make sure to support all of our awesome creators!
They worked so hard and did such an awesome job!
I hope all of you will enjoy it just as much as I do!*

*Please respect the artists and DO NOT repost, print,
or sell the contents of this zine!*

- [SB]

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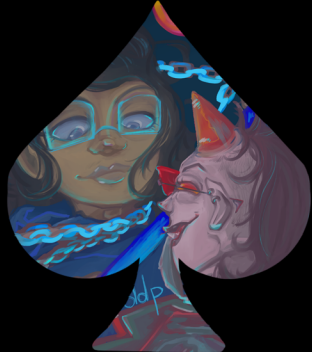
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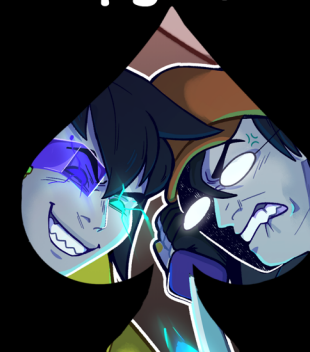
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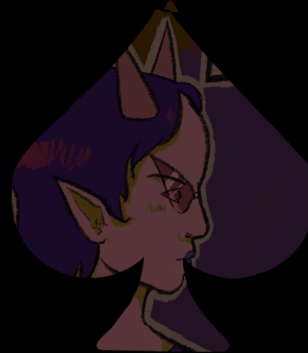
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you give
WIZARDS

A BAD NAME





Broken pieces

By: Leviathan

Click.

Eridan had tried to shut the door as quietly as possible in the hopes that no one would notice him entering Sollux's respiteblock. Of course, the aforementioned goldblood noticed. He actually bothered to look up from his multiple computer screens for once, too.

"What do you want?"

"So, ah..." Eridan paused, fishing his palmhusk out of his pocket, careful of the cracked screen.

"Broke it again?"

"Yeah..."

Sollux rolled his eyes. Although it was kind of hard to tell with his psionics, Eridan felt the disgusted vibes all too clearly.

"What happened this time?" He asked, stretching a little so that his back cracked audibly.

Eridan sighed. "Vris an' I were arguin' an' she said my aim was shit an' grabbed it an' threw it an' told me to shoot it down..."

"Again?"

Eridan nodded, inwardly wishing his cheeks wouldn't turn so violet so coddamn easily.

"Riiiiight... I'll fix it for you if you pretend to be my kismesis for like a couple days."

The violetblood nearly choked on his own saliva. Say what now? He stared at Sollux, waiting for him to laugh and say it was all some twisted joke just to get his hopes up and make him look all desperate and needy. But the laughter never came.

Instead he just watched the goldblood turn his head away, and... was he blushing? He looked uncomfortable, but anyone being stared at so intently probably would be. Oops.

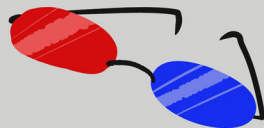
Glancing away, Eridan opened his mouth to feebly attempt a request for an explanation, but Sollux cut him off.

"Look, whatever. You don't have to. Just go have fun with your busted ass palmhusk, see if I care."

"You can't just dump that kinda thing on someone an' expect them not to ask questions!"

"Oh, what fucking questions would you have anyway?"

Eridan huffed. "Well, first, I'd like to know why you would even want a fake fuckin' kismesis in the first place. An' why me?"



"Because F.F. keeps doing stupid shit like acting all spoiled and getting mad over the tiniest fucking thing to the point where she breaks up with me only to come whining back like two to three business days later begging me to take her back like she won't start acting like I tried to kill her the moment I try to say I'm sick of her shit. The reason I asked you is because you conveniently showed up. And because we argue all the time so I guess it would be fucking believable. Or whatever."

"Fef wouldn't--"

"Oh yes she would. She's always acting like a spoiled fucking princess--"

"Well yeah, she was kinda raised to be one! An' I was tryin' to say she wouldn't like seein' us together either."

"Exactly. What better way to piss someone off than by getting with their ex?"

A brief silence fell across the block, just long enough for both trolls to start feeling a little awkward.

"Er... faking it, anyway."

"Y-yeah, a course..."

"It's not like I would ever..."

"Oh definitely not. Ew. Platonically."

"Right... yeah. Ew," Sollux agreed.

Eridan shifted his feet a little, adjusting his cape.

"So like... do you have a plan for this, or..?"

"Uhhhh... yeah I kinda just thought of the idea before you walked in, so..."

"So you don't have a plan?"



"Ugh. Of course you don't," he grumbled.

Sollux sighed. "I mean it's not fucking rocket science. How hard can it be?"

Eridan shrugged, fiddling with his scarf. Maybe it wasn't that complicated, but it still kind of felt like a big deal. Even if it was just fake, it was probably the closest he'd ever get to filling a quadrant again.

"I mean... it's not like we're goin' to convince anyone a anythin' hidin' in here..."

"Fair point," Sollux admitted, saving his current project before slowly standing up.

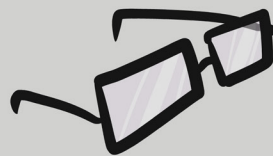
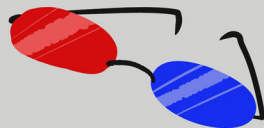
Cod, Eridan almost forgot how tall and gangly the goldblood was. Of course, he wasn't as tall as their mutual purpleblood friend, but still. He was a whole head taller than him, not counting horns. Not that those helped much.

He could feel his bloodpusher pounding in his ribcage as Sollux brushed past him and shooed him out the door. Stumbling slightly on a few cables on the way out, he nearly forgot his status: Sollux should be trembling before him, not making him feel dizzy just by existing.

As he stepped out into the hallway, he heard voices approaching from around the corner. It sounded like Fef was complaining to Karkat, probably about Sollux. But before he could even think to warn the goldblood that they had incoming trouble, he felt a strange tingling around his arms and legs.

"Mmph-!?"

Next thing he knew, Eridan was slammed against the wall, pinned in place by tendrils of red and blue sparks and a pair of lips pressed roughly against his own. Panicking, he tried to wrench himself free. He struggled for a moment before realizing that Sollux might not be as stupid as he thought.



Just as Feferi and Karkat rounded the corner, Eridan let out a low, guttural growl as he began to return Sollux's rough kisses. He pulled his hands free enough to grip onto the back of the goldblood's shirt and his greasy hair, respectively. Disgusting... oh, but he hated it. He hated every second of it. Every little nip and snarl was pulling him further into the fantasy.

After several minutes and a seemingly mutual realization that no one was actually watching them anymore, the two trolls quickly separated. Eridan adjusted and smoothed his clothes as he panted softly, avoiding eye contact at all costs. Sollux wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, noticing a bit of violet blood smeared on it.

Neither said anything for a few minutes. Eridan was still trying to process everything that just happened, and he wouldn't be surprised if Sollux was too. Cod, why did that feel so... he didn't want to say it... but it felt so real...

"S-since when did you get your tongue split?" Eridan finally managed to ask.

Sollux laughed. "Hatched that way, baby," he replied, sticking his gold tongue out and wiggling each side independently.

"Oh." Eridan was blushing all the way to the tips of his fins.

Sollux, realizing how that sounded, quickly backpedaled. "I didn't mean it like that!"

"Sure you didn't, Sol."

"I didn't!" Sollux paused for a moment. "Unless you wanted me to."

"W-well, you're the one who brought it up..."

"I mean... I guess it wouldn't hurt to keep up the act a little bit longer..."

Eridan growled. "Stop playin' games with me! Do you want this, yes or no?"

"What games? You know this isn't real, right? It never was."

Those words stung more than Eridan expected. Despite his best efforts, hot, bitter tears tinged with violet began to pour down his cheeks.

"Fuck you!" He spat.

"Yeah, no thanks. I'm good."

Eridan hissed, stepping closer to the goldblood and drawing his wand from his pocket. White science sparked from the tip.

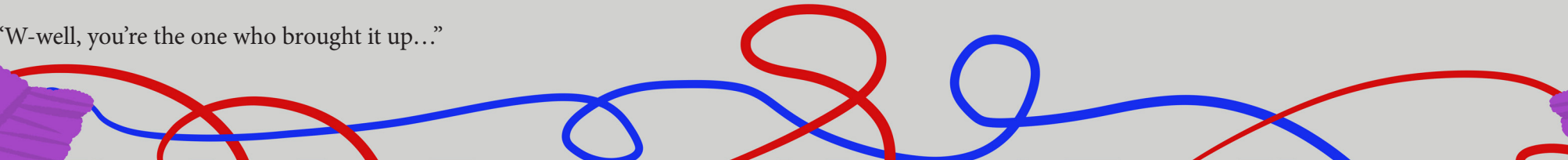
Sollux's heterochromatic eyes began to spark in return, accompanied by a feral growl. He used his height to his advantage, starting to back Eridan into a corner.

"Wait! Eridan, don't hurt hi--"

In eerily perfect sync, Eridan's wand and Sollux's hand lifted and sent sparks of science and energy in a chromatic burst, blasting a hole through Feferi's core. Her body went rigid, then slumped to the floor in a pool of fuchsia.

Karkat, hearing a loud explosion from the other room, came running in. The first thing he noticed was the obvious mess on the floor.

"What the fu- oh what the actual fuck?"









CLIENT PROFILE HELP

TROLLIAN

Be the Nerd getting Trolled ==>

By serpentsBreakdown

You can't say you particularly had any plans for the night, but they probably included coding, or gaming.

Not getting trolled by this moron.

Gog. Maybe this will be short and you can just get on with your night. You don't love the idea of listening to him spam you until you reply so you hope he shuts up fast.

centaursTesticle [CT] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

CT: D --> Have I mentioned what a flagrant disgrace you are

TA: oh my gog.

TA: what do you want now?

CT: D --> My robot has started to function incorrectly

TA: the one you iin2ii2ted ii come two your hiive for two fiix your code

CT: D --> Yes.

CT: D --> That is the one

CT: D --> I command you to return and fi% your mistake immediately.

TA: Fir2t, II don't make 'mii2take2'.

TA: 2econdly, no.

CT: D --> Yes you will

CT: D --> Immediately

CT: D --> Your lousy coding skills are e%posing your trash b100dline

TA: whatever went wrong ii2 probably due two you fuckiing around wiith my code

CT: D --> I believe I have told you previously to cease that disgraceful and awful language

CT: D --> You may be of a disgraceful b100dline but you needn't act like it

CT: D --> And I did nothing to your code

TA: liike ii fuckiing beliive that.

CT: D --> The mere suggestion that I would tamper with your code is 100dicrous

CT: D --> Cease this vile language immediately

Hide Pesterlog

TA: no.

TA: there ii2 liiterally nothiing you can do two 2top me.

TA: and no way you can make me help you.

CT: D --> I am your superior and you will do what I say

TA: you aren't 2hiit.

TA: and iif you wanted more iin the codiing you could have ju2t a2ked me whiile ii wa2 there iin2tead of fuckiing wiith my code.

CT: D --> I need you to

CT: D --> Stop using such foal language.

CT: D --> The continued usage is making me e%tremely

CT: D --> Sweaty

TA: dude.

TA: gro22.

TA: ii diid not need two know that.

CT: D --> You will come fi% the robot's code immediately

TA: and wow look at that, ii'm 2tiill refu2iing.

TA: no.

TA: eiither go do iit your2elf or go back two 2tariing at what abomiinatiion2 you apparently call art.

TA: and even though ii'm not goiing two help you,

TA: you could ju2t 2end me the file. ii don't need two go over two your damn hiive.

TA: do you know how diifficult iit ii2 two briing my entiire computiing 2tatiion two that miiddle-of-nowhere place you decided two buiild your hiive?

TA: no thank2.

TA: ii'm perfectly capable of codiing your garbage robot2 from here.

TA: al2o you let me wander around your 2tupiid fuckiing labyriinth hiive for 20 miinute2 la2t tiime.

CT: D --> I

CT: D --> Apologize

CT: D --> Usually Aurthor guides people through my hive for me.

Hide Pesterlog

CT: D --> I still have yet to adjust to his lacking presence after his passing

CT: D --> You clearly have 0 appreciation for art though due to your apparent lack of admiration for my magnificent musclebeast collection.

CT: D --> Your lamentable b100dline as well is no e%cuse for being unable to appreciate such immaculate and comple% art pieces

CT: D --> If you had the slightest appreciative bone in your body you could at least behold their

CT: D --> E%quisite

CT: D --> Craftsmanship and STRONG features

Oh my gog he's still talking.

You don't think you will be getting the relaxing night you want.

CT: D --> Furthermare you must be here so that I can ensure you do not enact any more hoofbeastplay on my code.

CT: D --> I am well acquainted with how frequently you use your skills for no-good hoofbeastplay and other trickery and I will be having none of it.

TA: 2o you can hover over my 2houlder agaiin,

TA: 2sweat all over me,

TA: back 2eat code,

TA: and ju2t overall get iin my way throughout the entiire proce22,

TA: agaiin.

CT: D --> I do not intend indulge any more tomfoalery on your part

CT: D --> Therefore you must come here promptly

TA: how about thii2.

TA: why don't you come here wiith your robot iin2tead?

TA: why the hell do ii alway2 have two come two your hiive when you need 2omethiing?

TA: ii mean, iit'2 kiind of fuckiing riidiiculou2 iif you a2k me,

TA: ii unplug my whole 2tatiion, whiich ii2 far more trouble2ome two carry, move around iin general, and 2tart up then a 2iimple robot, and fuckiing fly iit two the miiddle of nowhere for you two iin2ult me the whole tiime.

Hide Pesterlog

TA: when you could ju2t grab your robot, whiich probably weiigh2 about nothiing two you, get on a fancy train, or hell, call one of tho2e fancy hiighblood 2erviiced 2cuttlebuggie2, and come here.

TA: al2o, iit take2 me at fa2te2t- and ii do not iintend two fly at full 2peed the whole way, half the niight two fly there, 2o no matter what happen2, ii am 2tuck there at lea2t overday.

CT: D --> What an absurd notion

CT: D --> For one thing, serviced scuttlebuggies

CT: D --> Unfortunately

CT: D --> Do not generally come this far out

CT: D --> Furthermore, the train would take me over a full day to arrive

CT: D --> Which is just highly inefficient as a whole

CT: D --> And, you are the lowb100d

CT: D --> You do are obligated to do as I command

TA: you weren't doiing much commandiing la2t tiime you iinvited me over.

CT: D --> You

CT: D --> No such thing

Look at how he couldn't even finish his messages.

You grin, maybe you can have fun with this after all.

You watch the typing bubble appear and disappear on your screen as you imagine he struggles to put together a coherent sentence.

Good. If he is going to disturb your downtime, he might as well squirm.

CT: D --> That is hardly what happened

CT: D --> I merely allowed you to speak freely as you completed the task I gave you

CT: D --> The fact that I did not silence or correct you simply meant that I could not be bothered

CT: D --> Any other

CT: D --> Incidents

CT: D --> Are completely unrelated and lack any supporting evidence to any claims you my have

TA: 2ure. whatever you need two beliieve two 2leep at day.

CT: D --> Why are you so against coming here?

CT: D --> It's not like you are actually doing anything ever anyways

Hide Pesterlog

Captor

TA: ii actually am bu2y all the tiime, not that you would under2tand that wiith tho2e grub-level codiing 2kill2 of your2.

TA: and ii could a2k you the 2ame thiing

TA: what? are you afraiid two be iin the hiive of 2ome piitiiful dii-2gu2tiing lowblood?

TA: or are you afraiid you won't be iin control iif you aren't near that 2tupiid ca2tle of your2?

CT: D --> I have told you time and again that the castle is magnificent

CT: D --> As I said before your hive is incredibly far away

CT: D --> Too far even

CT: D --> Given I do not have low-class psychic powers to fling myself around on

CT: D --> No location, unless it was that of a highb100d's I suppose, would be able to cede control from me

CT: D --> Although at most I do worry about the cleanliness of your hive considering your usual disgraceful behavior when it comes to self care

CT: D --> I might even almost feel an%ious at the thought that your hive care might be on par with your lousy coding

TA: my hiive ii2 clean enough

TA: at the very least iit doesn't attract any pe2t2.

TA: not that ii could 2ay the 2ame for your unwa2hed, and hone2t-ly dii2gu2tiing 2weat towel2.

TA: do you even know how two work the 2wiirliing cleaniing cage? or diid you ju2t let your lu2u2 coddle you?

CT: D --> I'll have you know no machine is outside my range of learning

CT: D --> And if anyone you are the one here you doesn't know a thing about washing machines

CT: D --> As I remember it last time you graced myself with your hiveless appearance

CT: D --> You had been wearing the e%act same shirt you had been wearing the previous time I unfortunately had the opportunity to set my ganderbulbs on you

CT: D --> It had the e%act same stains on it, which I remember because it 100ked like, and pardon my 100d language, a bulge and

Hide Pesterlog

you should have never been wearing it in the first place with such an indecent marking on it

TA: that 2hiirt wa2 ju2t fiine.

CT: D --> It smelled- or you as a whole, smelled like about 3 different types of pizzas, eastern alternia cup noodles, and like you had poured about 3 different energy drinks on it

CT: D --> So I cannot say I want to go to the source of where such smells originated

CT: D --> Let alone be in your presence longer then I need to be

CT: D --> So it is imperative you come fi% your mistakes and faulty coding immediately

TA: ii'll 2how you 2ome faulty codiing

You've had about enough of his insults on your coding skills.
Reaching across your desk you pull on your visor and flip screens.

Hack the Highblood ==>

Easily you slip through the firewalls of Equius's computer- after all, you set most of them up, and quickly find footing through your googles as you stare at his stupid confused face through his husktop camera. You obviously don't stop there though as you examine his background, picking out a few robots strewn about his respite block as you begin to hack into them.

CT: D --> What are you up to

CT: D --> I command you to answer me Captor

He keeps messaging you and you can see him getting more and more frustrated on the camera.
You minimize his husktop camera window and focus more and the lighting up robot camera windows.
Grinning you hit the enter key as the robots begin to rise around the blue blood.

Hide Pesterlog

You watch the realization dawn on his face before he starts typing a bit more frantically before the robots enter his range.

CT: D --> What is

CT: D --> You will cease behavior this immediately

CT: D --> If you do not I will

You watch him shove his chair into one of the robots as he turns to take on the other two. You mostly let the robot's usual programming do the work as you set them on him, only occasionally interfering to make the fight last longer. Soon enough though you watch the last robot camera fizzle out and drop as Equius destroyed the robots.

He looks to be a bit out of breath and- ugh gross. Sweaty. Staring through the camera you can see him reach for some pile of towels before returning to the husktop with a rather annoyed expression on his face.

CT: D --> If you ever need prosthetics I'm going to either charge you triple, or you just simply will not be getting them

TA: D --> whaaat no more friiend2 and alliie2 dii2count?

CT: D --> Also I will likely be the one to cripple you

TA: but ii wa2 really riidiing on you replaciing my liimb2 for free after you tear them off

TA: al2o iit'2 not liike you were actually iin any danger.

TA: you liike. de2troy tho2e robot2 a2 part of your wake-up routine.

CT: D --> They took time to put together and now i'll have to repair them all over again

CT: D --> You've cost me hours of precious time I could be using preparing other projects

CT: D --> I may be naturally STRONG, but good strength always needs a STRONG meal plan

CT: D --> You cannot just go fighting things on an empty stomach, breakfast always comes before fighting robots

CT: D --> You might want to try a wildlife-free diet like mine

CT: D --> Not only might you give yourself essential nutrients your body requires, but they will supplement your internal strength

Hide Pesterlog

TA: hmmm yeah no thank2.

TA: ii liike my piizza grea2y and meaty.

CT: D --> It is a wonder that your body has not flat out given up on you with all the filth you shove in it

CT: D --> At this rate it is more likely you will drop dead then even make it to your maturation rites.

TA: whatever happen2, happen2.

CT: D --> You seem strangely indifferent by that possibility

CT: D --> I would have thought even a lowb100d like you would care more about his own survival

TA: yeah well ii can't exactly 2ay ii'm iin love wiith the iidea of gettiing hooked up two a 2hiip a2 a liiviing battery for the extent of my adult liife

TA: ii'll make do iif iit come2 two that, but iit'2 not exactly my 'dream' here.

CT: D --> But wouldn't serving the empire in a unique way that no other caste can replicate be fulfilling in its own sense?

TA: not really

TA: iif ii had more of a choiice iin the matter ii'd much rather do 2ome computer related job, even iif iit wa2 thiinkpan-numbiing, or even de2k work, rather than be helmed.

TA: iif iit wa2 more of a '2wiitch 2hiift2 wiith other gold blood2 two power the 2hiip' ii miight feel diifferently, but a2 iit 2tand2 ii'll be lo2iing all autonomy.

TA: 2o, ii 2ay, iif my body giive2 out before my maturatiion riite2, fuck iit.

TA: at lea2t ii ate what ii wanted and diid what ii wanted two do before iit happen2.

CT: D --> I see

CT: D --> Now that you point it out I can see how that could be problematic

CT: D --> Though I believe that would be a very pathetic way to go out

CT: D --> If you intend to go out sooner rather than later you should at least go out in the heart of a glorious battle.

TA: ii 2uppo2e that'2 true

TA: then agaiin iit'2 not liike ii wa2 ever goiing two make iit ea2y for them

Hide Pesterlog

TA: iif they want two helm me, they are goiing two have two take me kiickiing and 2creamiing

TA: or two be exact, they're have two take a full p2iioniic bla2t two the face lol

CT: D --> So you have just about no intention of willingly helming

CT: D --> For understandable reasons, as an adult?

TA: pretty much.

CT: D --> What if a highb100d put in a good word for you?

TA: what do you mean?

CT: D --> Well

CT: D --> Say a highb100d put in a good word for you

CT: D --> Allowing you to be helmed on a ship of more

CT: D --> Friendly faces.

CT: D --> Even if it would be unfortunate for just about anyone to suffer through your presence regularly

CT: D --> Say that happened

CT: D --> Would you at the very least consider taking care of that body of yours that is unfortunately cursed with your trash b100d-line

Is... he implying what you think he's implying?

TA: ii 2uppo2e

TA: ii miight con2iider iit iif the hiighblood would 2top iin2ultiing me for 2omethiing ii can't change

TA: con2iideriing no amount of of effort wiill change my blood color

CT: D --> That is

CT: D --> Fair

You watch the typing bubble appear and disappear for a minute.
What was he typing?

CT: D --> Now will you come fi% your faulty coding?

TA: no!





After the artist credits we have the game credits!! The game credits will contain spoilers for the game! So keep that in mind before you continue! We also included WIPs from the game as well!

Mod Credits



Head Mod
[SB]/Serpents
serpentsBreakdown
(most media)  
 Brainwashfalls

Game Mod
Candy
candycornskull  



Credits



aaron/ren

 <https://nyaar0n.carrd.co/>

Jimposts & Jaxydraws 

Jax!



Phoenix

 moonlit-minuet

Ace/Splickedy/Splickedylit
splickedylit 
Splickedylit 



Harper/KK

  dualitydownfall
 dualityDownfall



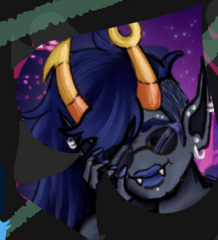
Ender

ender--slime
enderslime
enderslime_









Oliver

 sapphiregrace139
 candycorncremator

skaianettechsupport

ink_possum

Fizz







Dal/WildCard
DalastorRadio (Toyhouse)
Dalastor Radio 



caleb

 falseconductor
 octo.wizard



Sprig

spriggiestuff
(pretty much
everywhere)



cronus/sheriff

 zebruh





moth/thel
t jasvalka



DDP
disegnidipizzo t



Achranai
Achranai



Leviathan
vampyrecxre



Ash
t Johnstrider
girlpire



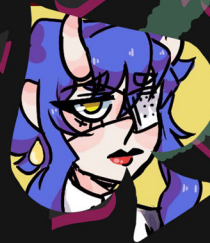
Elle
elle-arts
elodiechen



ifer
t ihasafandom
t artbyifer



ghost/jay
h0peful-gh0st
h0peful-gh0st-art
hopeful.ghostt



Morbid
t m0rb1dspade
m0rbid.carrd.co/



Madd
warriorblood1 t
(AO3 & ArtFightt)



Horror/Pike
cephalocyberghoul
horrorHermit (wr3ck0rdz)



Parade of Spades- The Kismesistude Game, Intro and Epilogue Assets/Credits

Coding By: [SB] & Candy

Parade
of
Spades



Art By: [SB]



Backgrounds



Sprites



Ending Cards



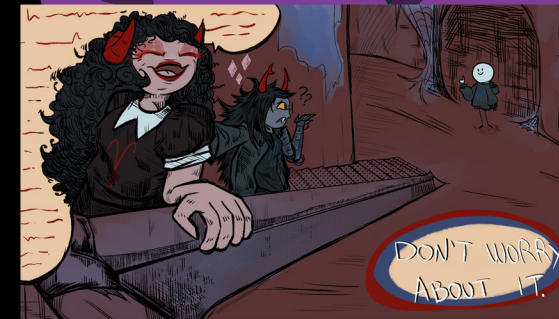
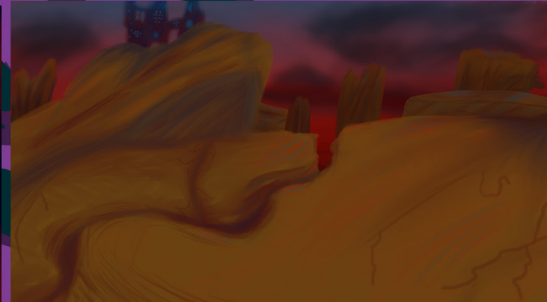
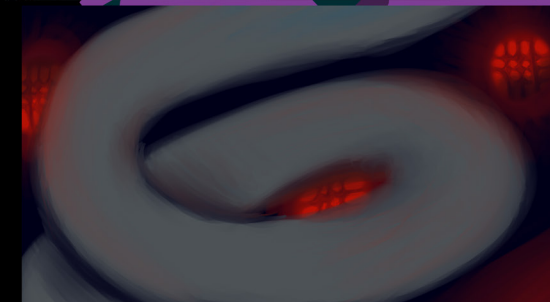
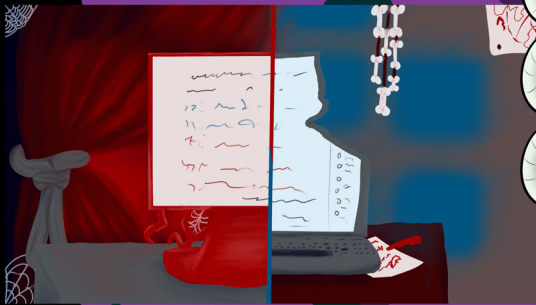
Music By: Horror
Curiosity Killed the Purrbeast

Hate To Troll You-

The Aravris Game, Assets/Credits

Writing & Selection Screen

by: Jax!



Ending Cards By: DDP



Music By: Oliver

4 she just hates you oof

5 not a total fail

1 meeting the spider

6 girls just wanna hate

2 typing

eachother

3 she fucking hates you yeah

7 woah morails

Backgrounds by: Sheriff

Sprites by: Dal/Wildcard



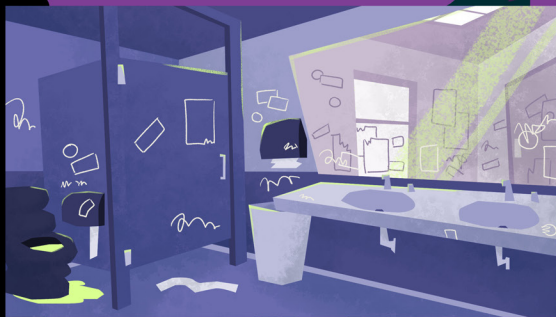
Blackstage Pass

The Elbron Game, Assets/Credits



Writing By Ash &
Elliot (- davesprited)

Backgrounds &
Selection Screen
By: Elle



Music By: Oliver

- 1 In the hall
- 2 Backstage-Bathroom
- 3 Outside

Sprites & Ending Cards by: Sprig



Of Parties Fancy & Spiteful

The Galora Game, Assets/Credits

Writing By: serpentsBreakdown



Sprites & Selection Screen By: Sprig



Backgrounds By: Sprig



Music By: Horror
Infatuated III-Will

Ending Cards By: Pheonix

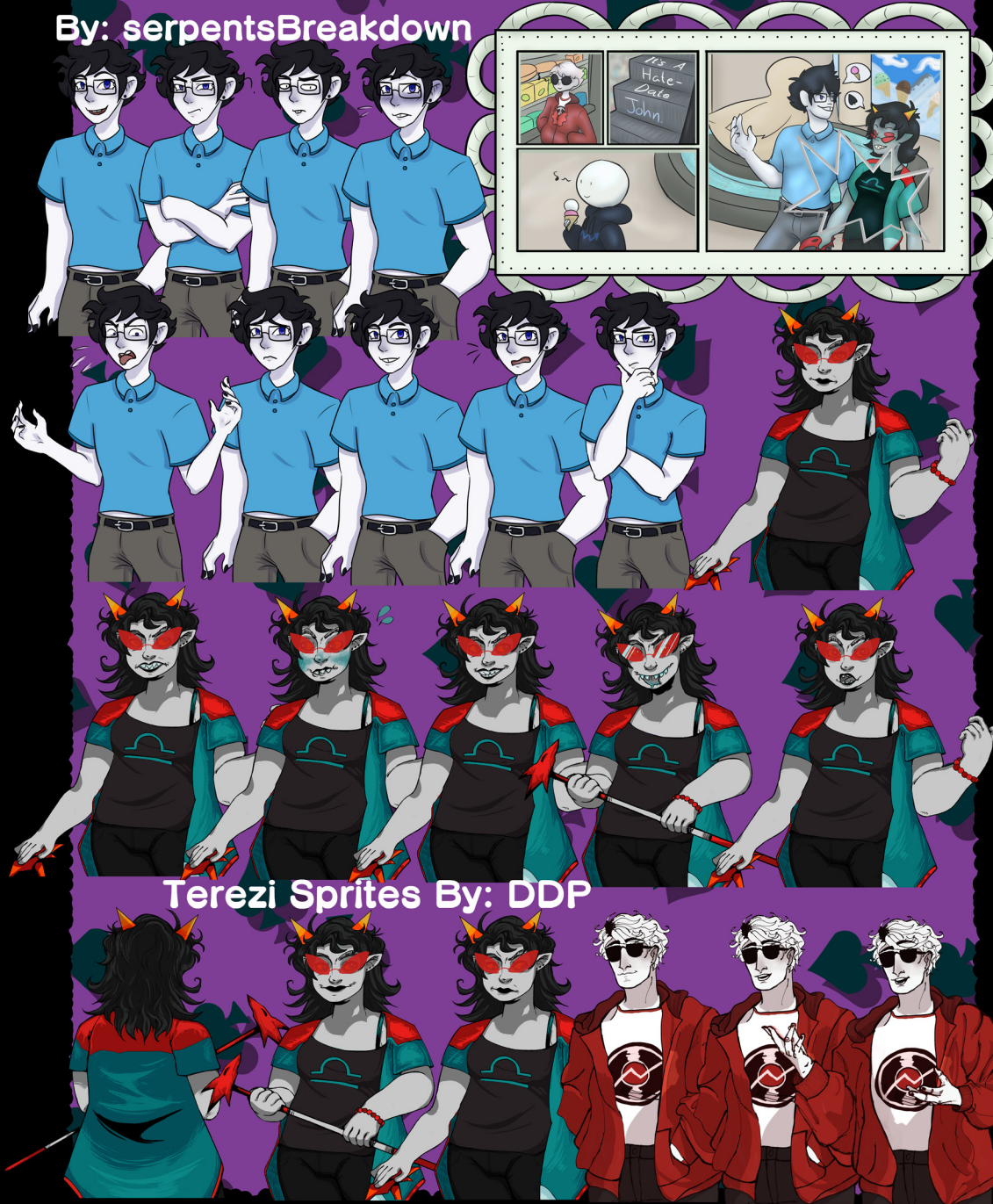


It's a Hate-Date, John

The Johnrezi Game, Assets/Credits

Writing, Selection Screen & John Sprites

By: serpentsBreakdown



Dave Sprites By: Pheonix

Backgrounds By: Oliver



Date Night, Hate Night-

The Solkat Game, Assets/Credits

Writing by: serpentsBreakdown



Selection Screen By: Aaron



Sprites by: Dal/Wildcard



Backgrounds by: Caleb



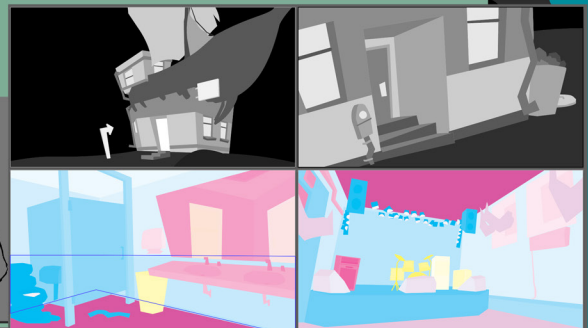
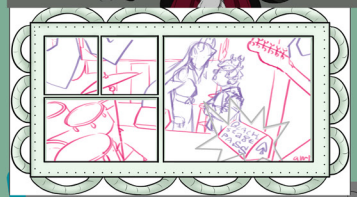
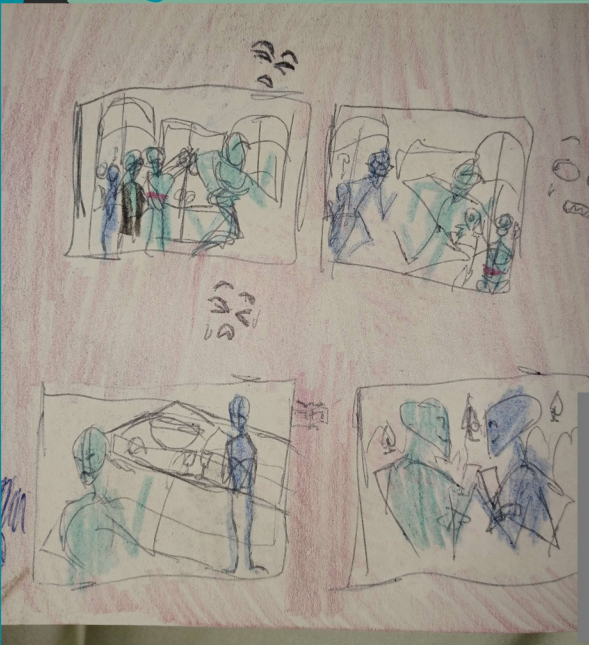
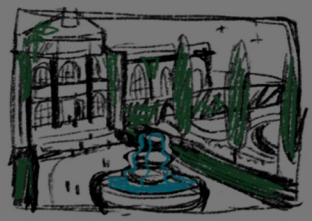
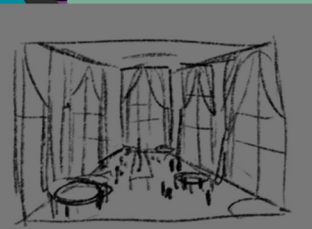
Ending Cards By: Aaron

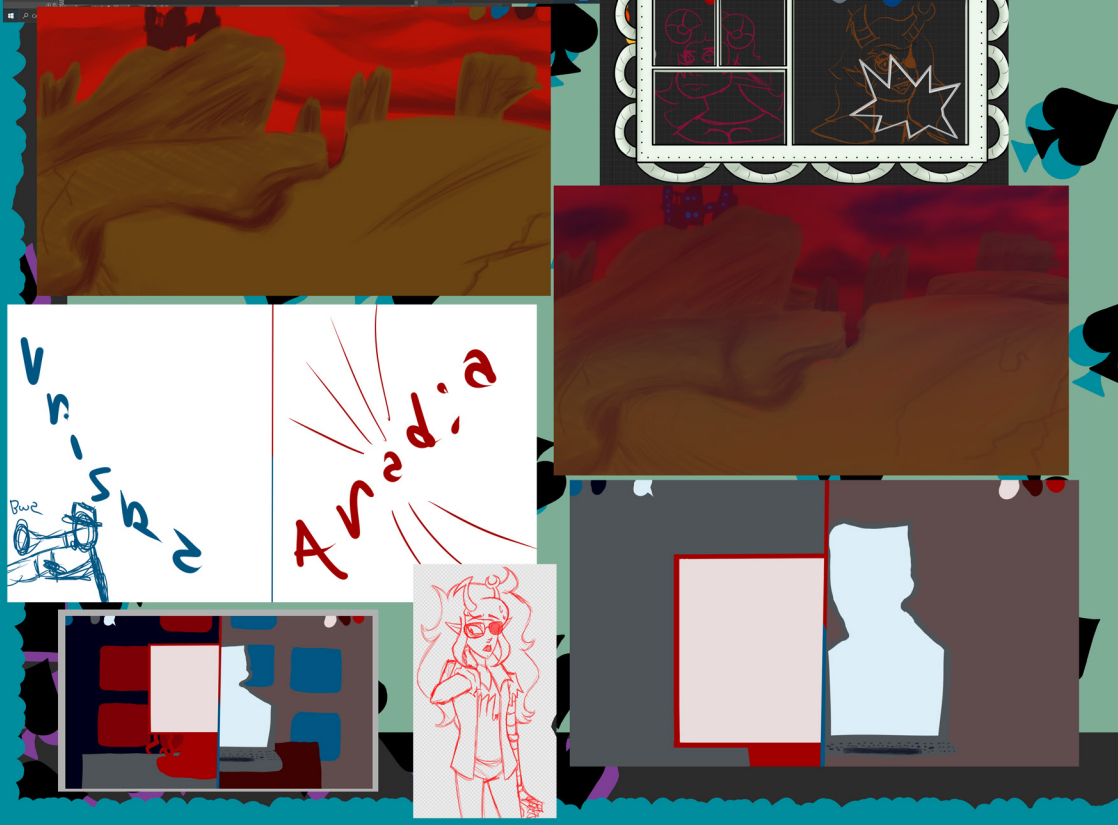
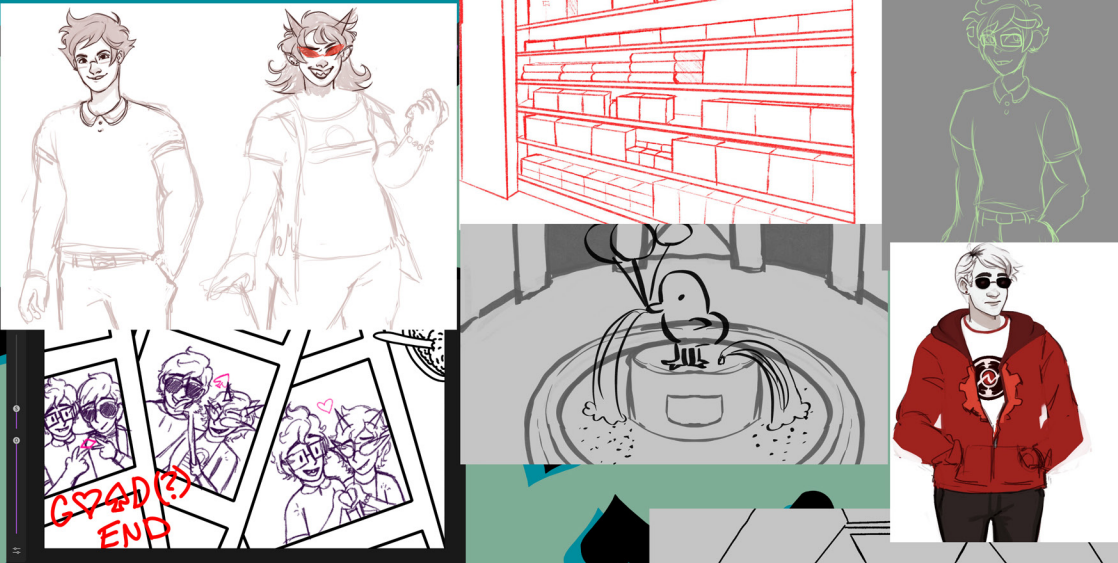
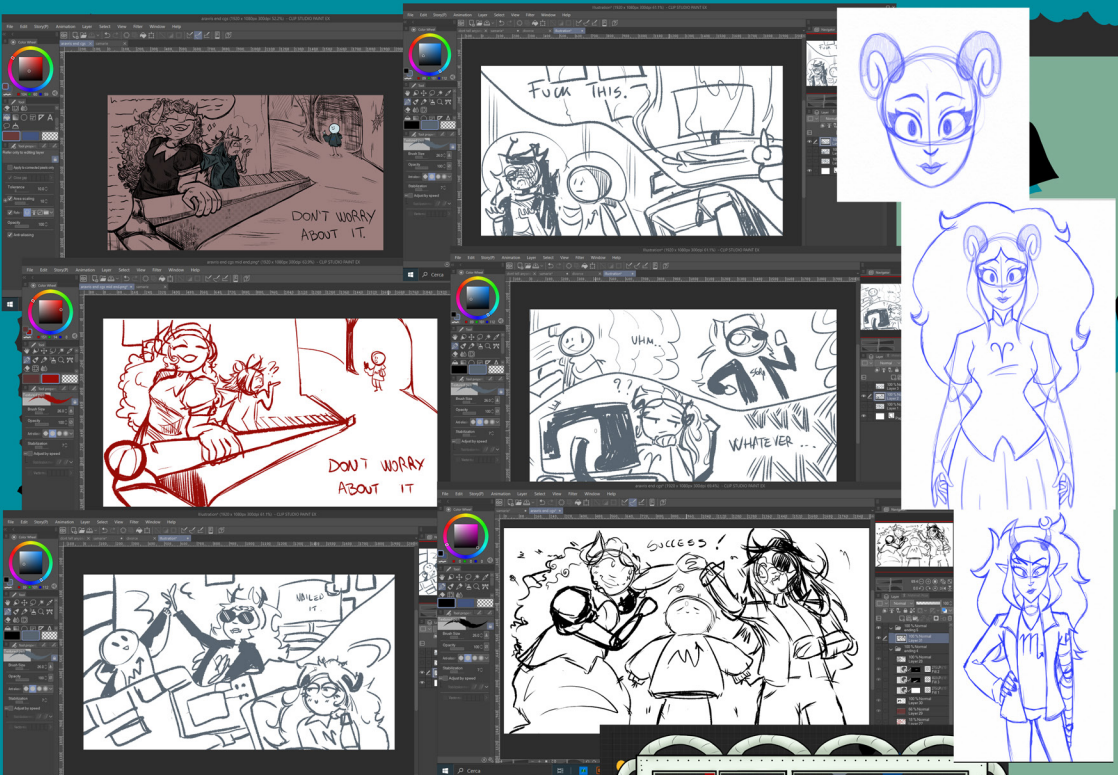


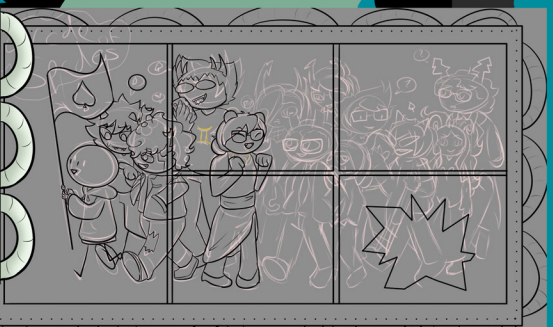
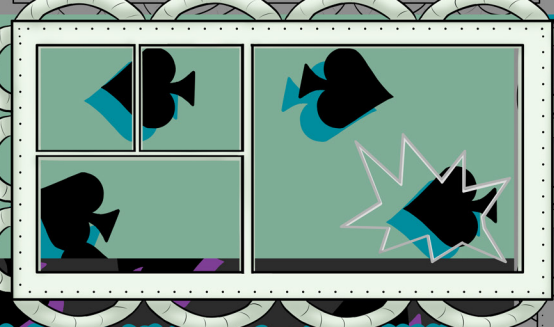
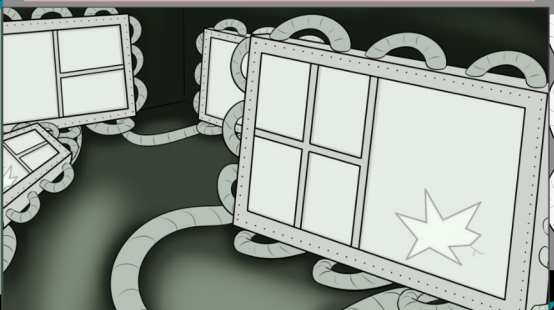
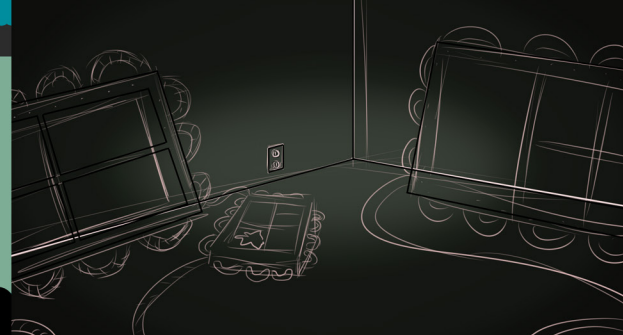
Music By: Oliver

- 1 Back to Black
- 2 Arcade Spades
- 3 Moviestuck
- 4 Sour Loser









LOVE AT FIRST SPITE

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